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NO. 1048

THE HORSE SOLDIERS



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The most daring cavalry raid of the Civil War.
A sixteen day foray through three hundred miles of Confederate territory.

THE MIRISCH COMPANY

Presents

JOHN WAYNE WILLIAM HOLDEN

in

THE HORSE SOLDIERS

With

CONSTANCE TOWERS

and

ALTHEA GIBSON

Written for the screen by

JOHN LEE MAHIN AND MARTIN RACKIN

Directed by

JOHN FORD

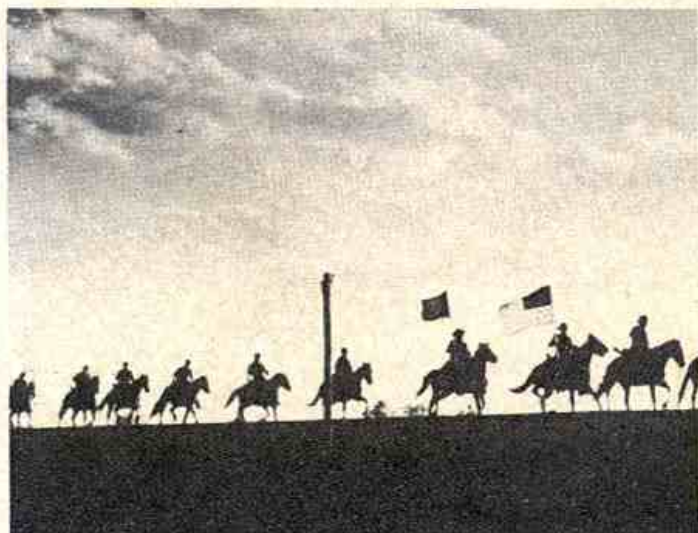
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To break the siege of Vicksburg, General Grant orders Colonel Marlowe on a bold cavalry raid three hundred miles behind the Confederate lines.



Marlowe's mission is to destroy Newton Station, an important railroad depot and main source of supply for besieged Vicksburg.



A small detachment of Confederates who bravely attempt to defend the town are routed. The supply and rail depot are destroyed according to plan.



Riding south towards Baton Rouge, Marlowe is attacked by the courageous young cadets of a military academy. He retreats rather than fight them.



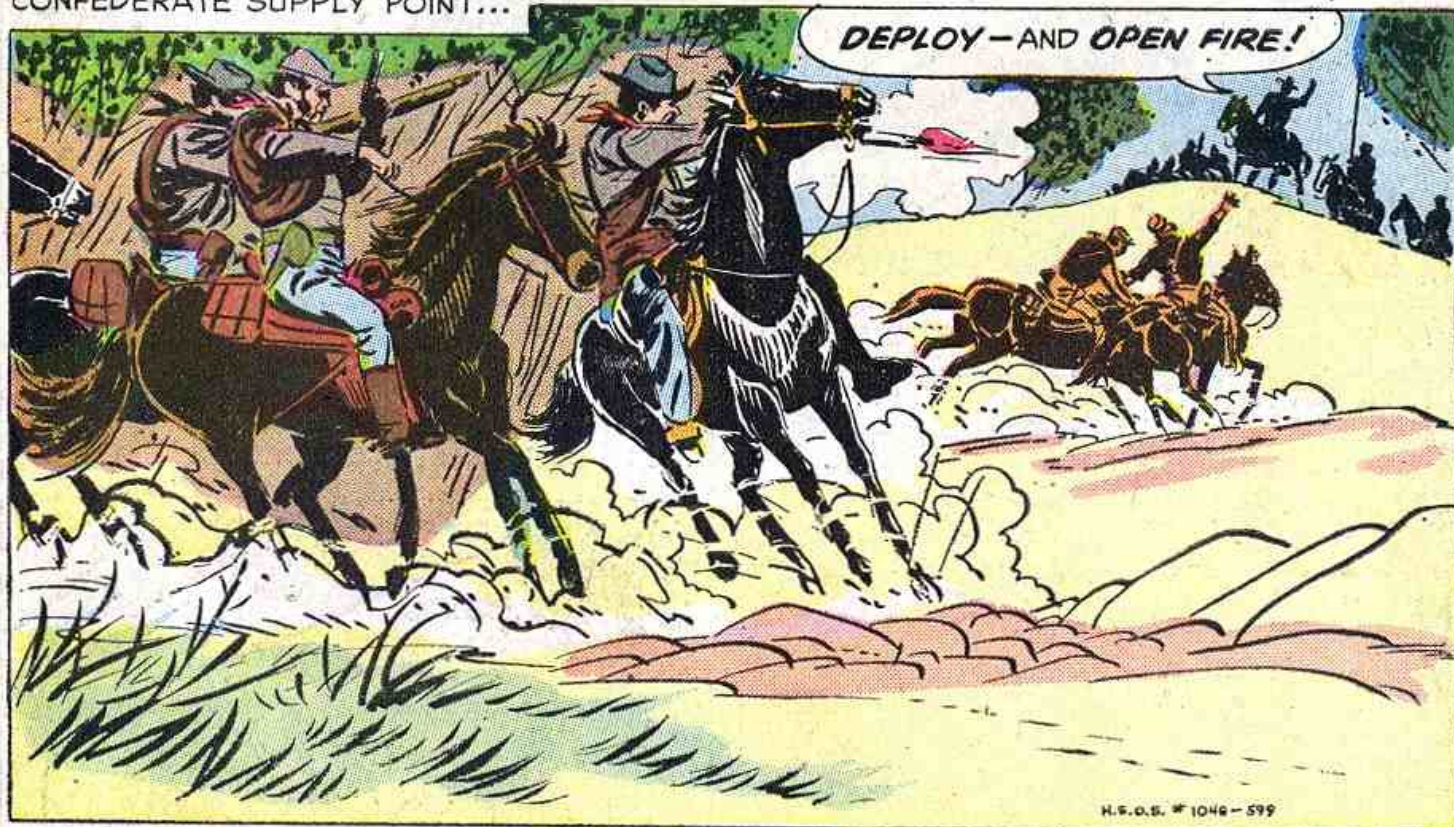
But when he tries to rejoin the Union lines his path is blocked at a Rebel held bridge and Marlowe must fight his way through the Confederate army.

THE HORSE SOLDIERS

DEEP IN CONFEDERATE TERRITORY, TWO UNION VEETTES ARE RIDING FOR THEIR LIVES FROM A CONFEDERATE PATROL.



AROUND A BEND THEY BUMP INTO THE UNION FORCE—A FLYING COLUMN STRIKING FOR A CONFEDERATE SUPPLY POINT...



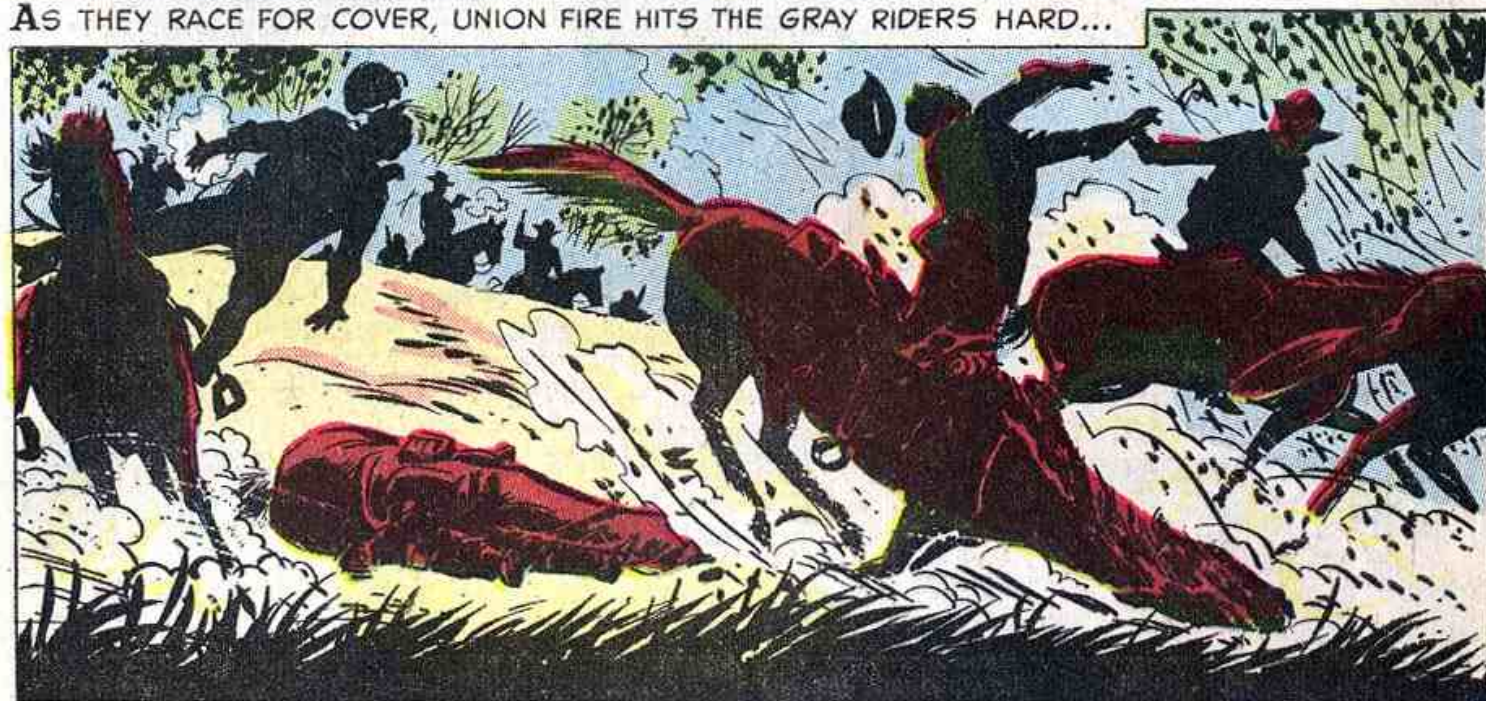
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AS THEY RACE FOR COVER, UNION FIRE HITS THE GRAY RIDERS HARD...



LATER, BEYOND THE WOODS — AT HANNAH HUNTER'S PLANTATION HOUSE — FAR OFF THE ROAD...





YESSUH, MISSY HANNAH HUNTER IS THE **ONLY** WHITE FOLKS HEREABOUTS! SHE'LL BE DOWN-STAIRS IN A FEW MINUTES!

WE'LL WAIT!



"MISSY" HANNAH HUNTER! PROBABLY SOME OLD FEMALE WITH A LACE SHAWL AND A CANE! WHAT'S YOUR GUESS, CURTIS?

THE OPPOSITE! LOOK UP THE STAIRS, MARLOWE!



OHH —! THOSE **UNIFORMS**—!



MISS—MISS HUNTER! I'M SORRY FOR THIS SUDDEN INTRUSION!

INTRUSION? OH, DON'T CALL IT **THAT**, COLONEL! I'M TO BLAME—FORGETTING HOSPITALITY!







SORRY, MISS HUNTER—
BUT YOU ARE BOTH
UNDER ARREST!

OH—
THUNDER!



YOU'RE ENTIRELY TOO CLEVER
A LADY TO BE LEFT AT LARGE
—AND I'M SURE COLONEL
MARLOWE WILL AGREE!

R
GE

SNEAKING,
PRYING YANKEE!
ENTERING A
LADY'S **BED-
ROOM!** I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN IT!



I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE
TO INTERRUPT, COLONEL!

CURTIS! WHAT IN THE WORLD?



YOU'D BETTER ASK THEM WHAT THEY
THINK YOUR CHANCES ARE OF
BLOWING UP NEWTON STATION—
AND GETTING TO BATON ROUGE!

MAJOR
CURTIS—
ARE YOU
CRAZY?



THEY WERE LISTENING FROM
UPSTAIRS TO EVERYTHING
YOU SAID DOWN HERE!
THIS MAKES A PRETTY
GOOD SPEAKING TUBE!

STOVEPIPE?
SPEAKING
TUBE?

MISS HUNTER, AS A CLEVER AND LOYAL DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY, WITH FULL INFORMATION ABOUT OUR PLANS, YOU'RE A PRETTY DANGEROUS PERSON! AND SO IS LUKEY! CAN YOU SUGGEST WHAT I OUGHT TO DO WITH YOU?

BEING A **YANKEE**, YOU'LL PROBABLY **SHOOT US!**



SO, GO AHEAD! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET HALF-WAY TO BATON ROUGE! OUR BOYS WILL CUT YOU TO PIECES, AND I WISH I COULD BE THERE TO SEE IT!



WELL, IF THAT HAPPENS, MISS HUNTER, YOU **WILL** BE THERE! FROM THIS MOMENT ON YOU WON'T BE LET OUT OF OUR SIGHT!



LATER—AS THE COLUMN STRIKES SOUTH BY FORCED MARCH AT NIGHT...

MISS HUNTER, YOU'RE A VERY GALLANT LADY—EVEN THOUGH YOU WON'T SPEAK TO A YANKEE!

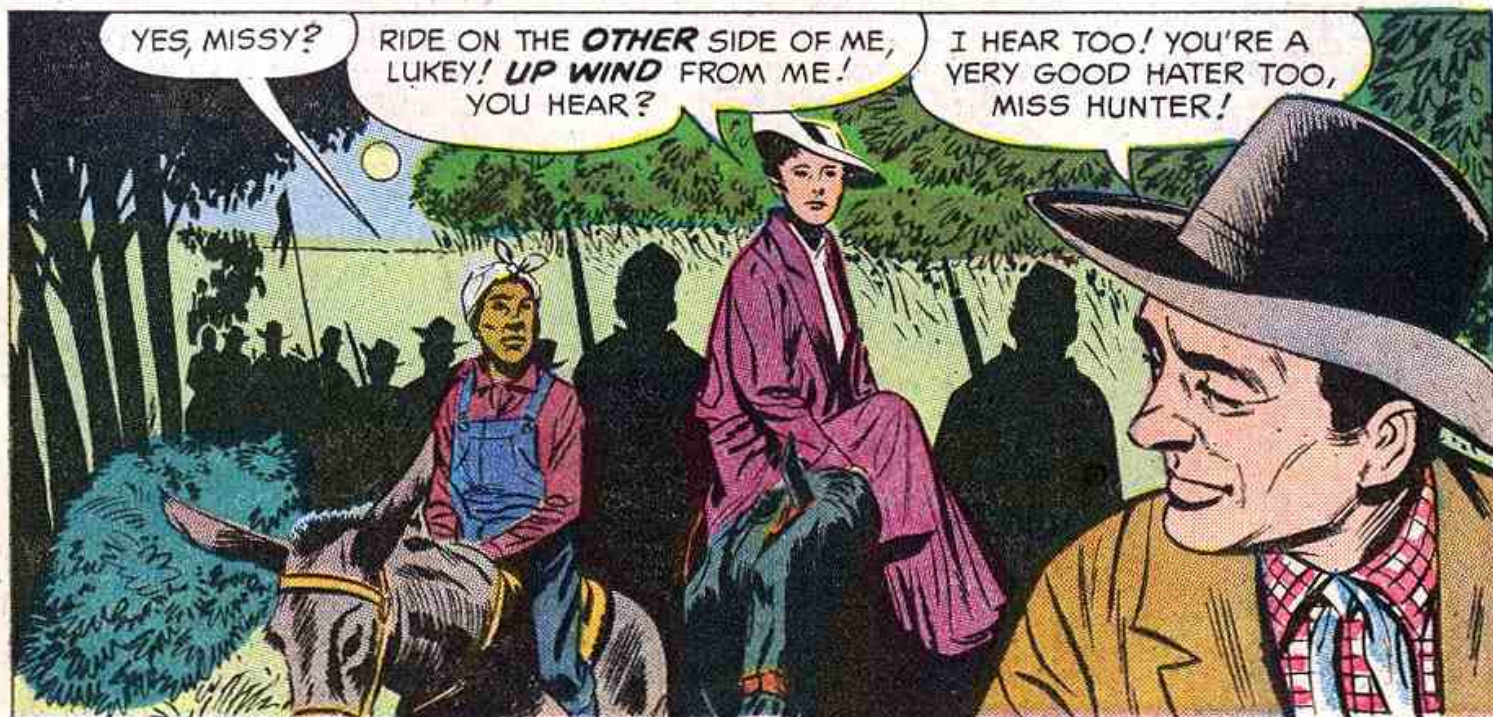
LUKEY! COME HERE!

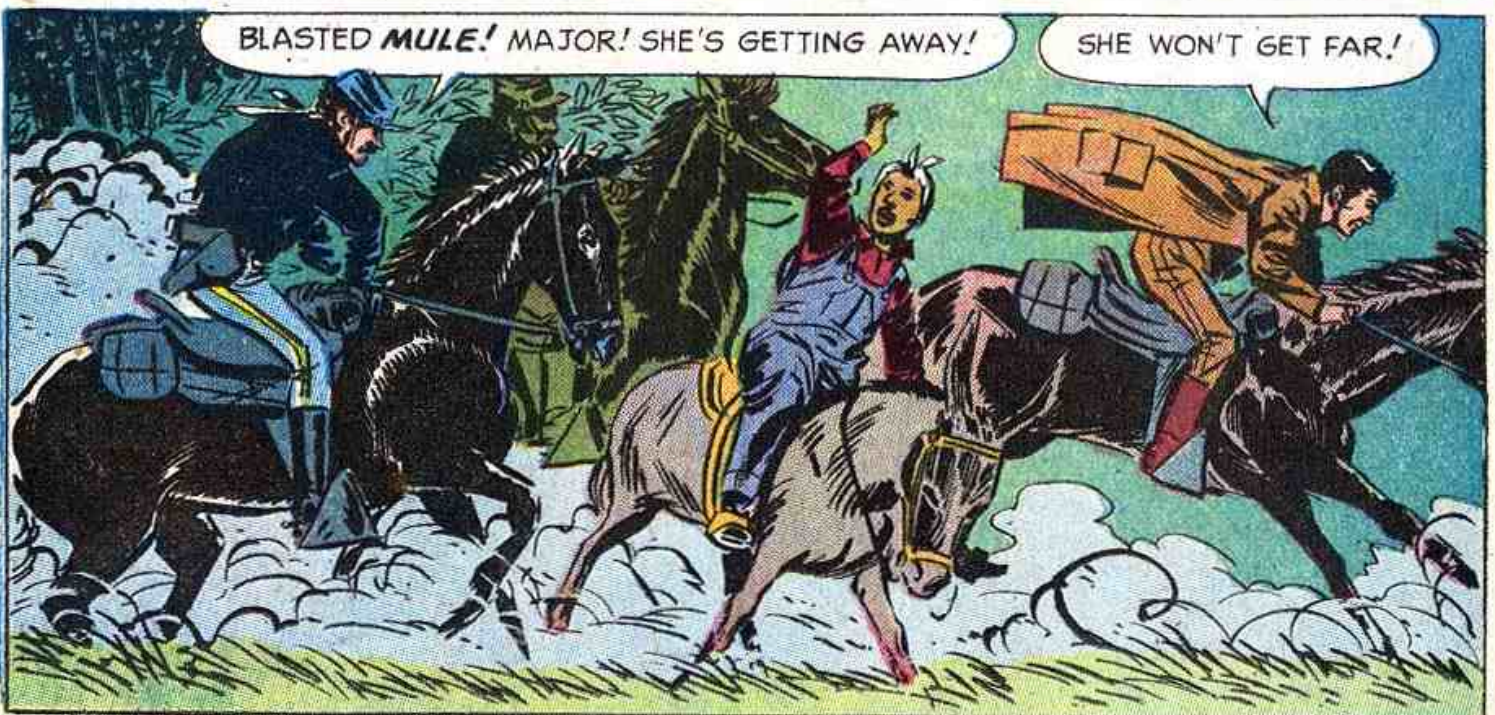


YES, MISSY?

RIDE ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF ME, LUKEY! **UP WIND** FROM ME! YOU HEAR?

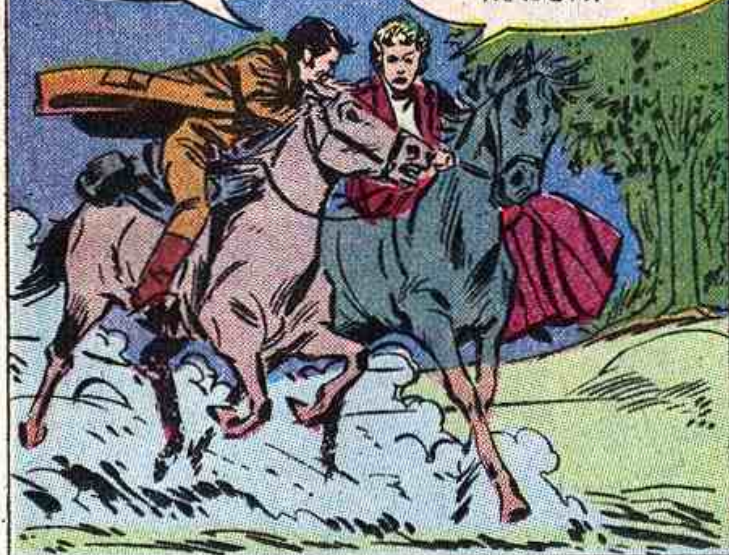
I HEAR TOO! YOU'RE A VERY GOOD HATER TOO, MISS HUNTER!





DID YOU REALLY THINK IT WOULD WORK, MISS HUNTER?

I FORGOT—I'M NOT RIDING A **SOUTHERN** HORSE! **YOU** ARE, MAJOR!



YOU SENT FOR ME, COLONEL MARLOWE?

YES! IN FORTY MINUTES, GRAY, TAKE THE SQUADRON AND THE VEGETTES AND MOVE IN! AT ANY SOUND OF ACTION, WE'LL JOIN YOU!



MAJOR GRAY'S COMPLIMENTS, SIR! THE TOWN IS OURS!

WITHOUT A SHOT?



SOON...

THOSE LIGHTS AHEAD OF US, SECOND—THAT'S NEWTON STATION! TAKE YOUR COMPANY AND CUT AROUND BEHIND IT! WHEN YOU'RE PLACED, I'LL SEND GRAY AND THE SQUADRON IN TO FEEL OUT THE GARRISON!

GOOD PLAN, SIR! IT'S AN HOUR TILL DAYLIGHT!



AT SUNRISE...

NOT A SHOT HAS BEEN FIRED—YET!

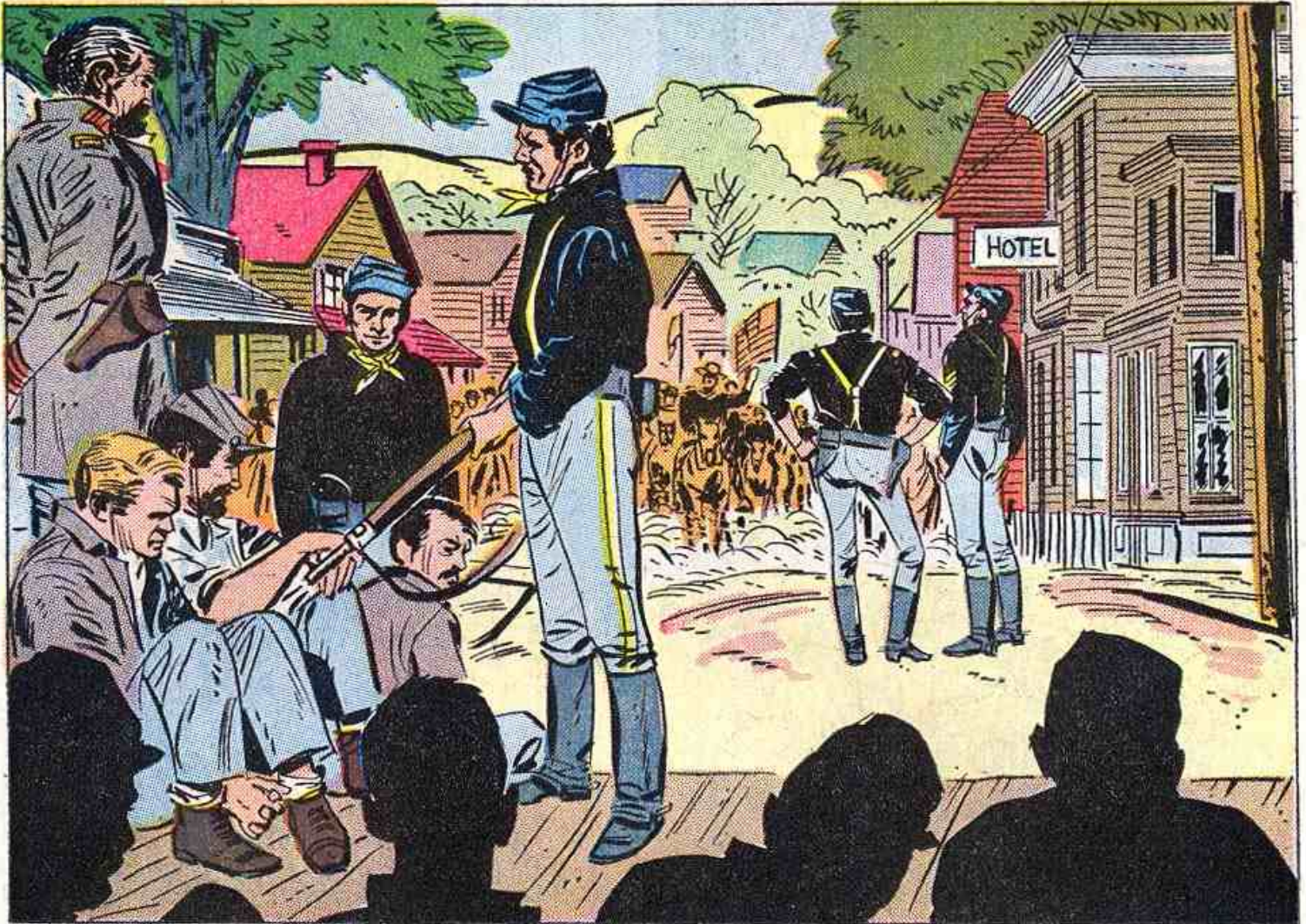
VEDETTE COMING UP THE HILL, SIR! WE'LL KNOW NOW!



COLUMN—FO-O-O-R-WARD!



WITH A THUNDER OF HOOFBEATS, MARLOWE'S COLUMN POURS INTO THE SILENT TOWN SQUARE!



NEATLY DONE, GRAY!
IS THIS THE FULL
GARRISON?

YES, SIR!
EVERY
LAST MAN!



THIS REB COLONEL WAS
IN COMMAND, SIR!

UMMM! HE DOESN'T
HAVE THE LOOK OF A
MAN WHO WOULD GIVE
UP THAT EASILY!



THE TROOPERS IN THE SQUARE MOVE FAST — LEADING HORSES DOWN ALLEYS, BEHIND THE BUILDINGS...



AS THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP, BOX CARS SPEW OUT CONFEDERATE INFANTRYMEN!



THE CONFEDERATE COLONEL MAKES HIS BID FOR ESCAPE...

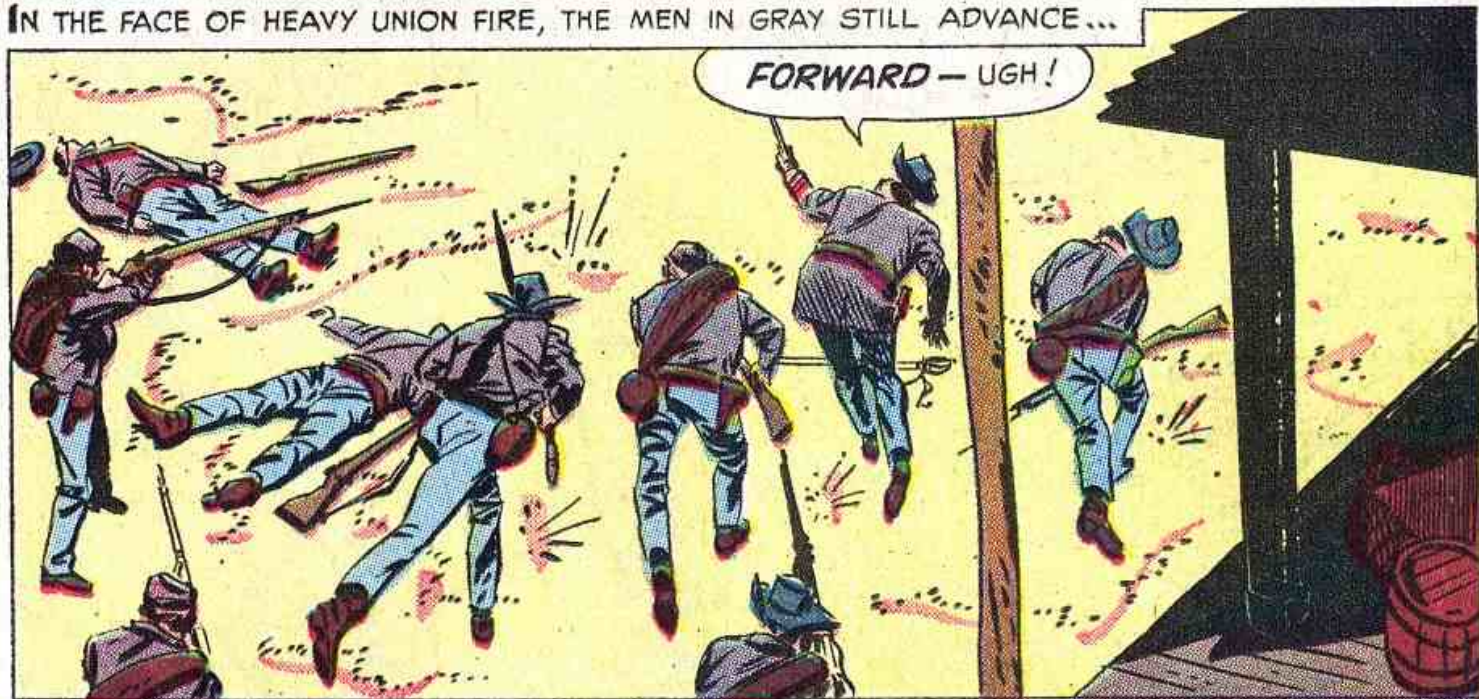


...TO WARN HIS PEOPLE!



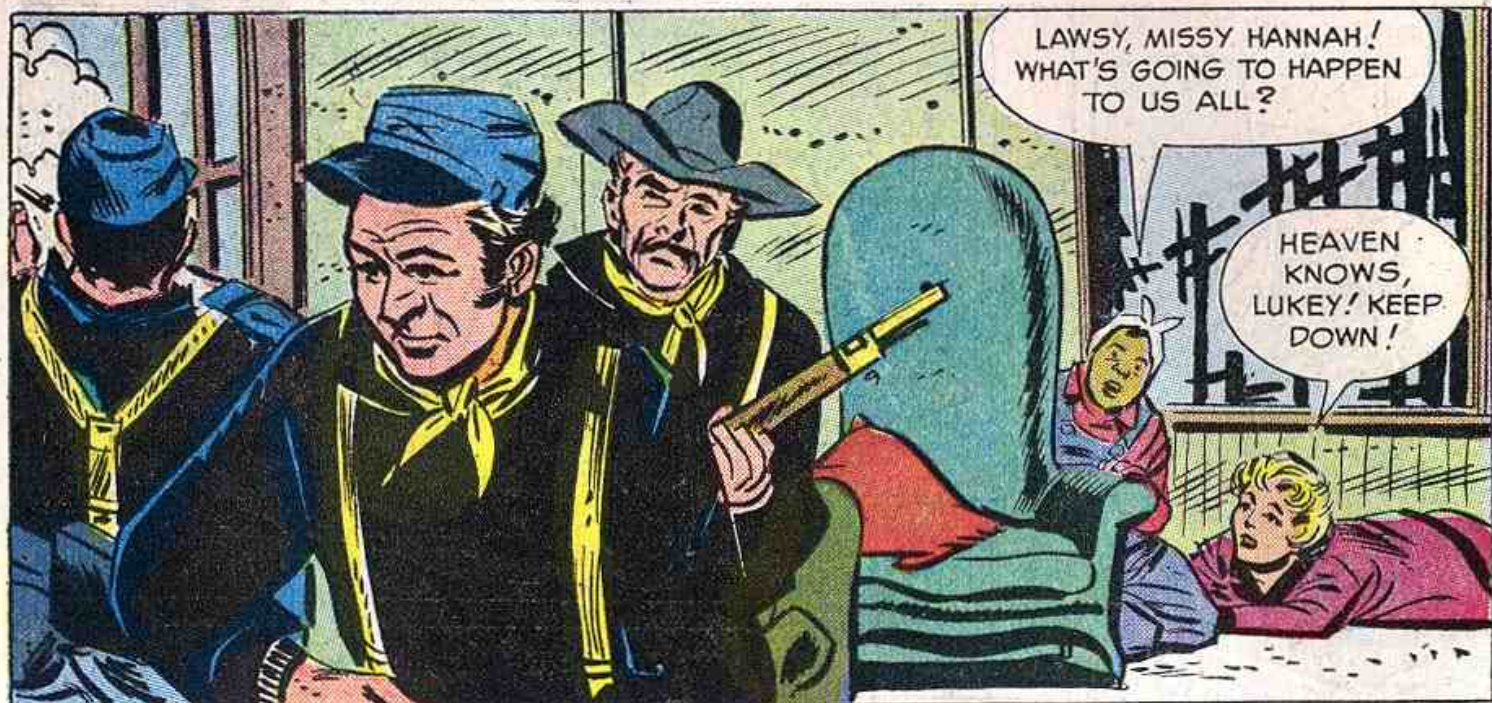


IN THE FACE OF HEAVY UNION FIRE, THE MEN IN GRAY STILL ADVANCE...



LADEN WITH MEDICAL PACKS, SURGEON MAJOR CURTIS BURSTS INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY...





STAUNCH THIS MAN'S SIDE, HOPPY!
AND — HERE'S DR. MARVIN, WHO
WILL WORK WITH YOU! I FOUND
HIM OUTSIDE!

YES,
MAJOR!



GOOD! TAKE THEM INTO THE DINING ROOM —
START RIPPING THOSE SHEETS UP FOR BANDAGES!



YOU IS *MINE*,
YANK!



BLASTED — UGH! YANKEE!



NOW TO ATTEND
TO THE WOUNDED!



EASY! LEAN ON
ME, SOLDIER!



OUT IN THE SQUARE...

COLONEL MARLOWE!

YES, KIRBY?



COLONEL SECORD IS FLANKING AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK, SIR!

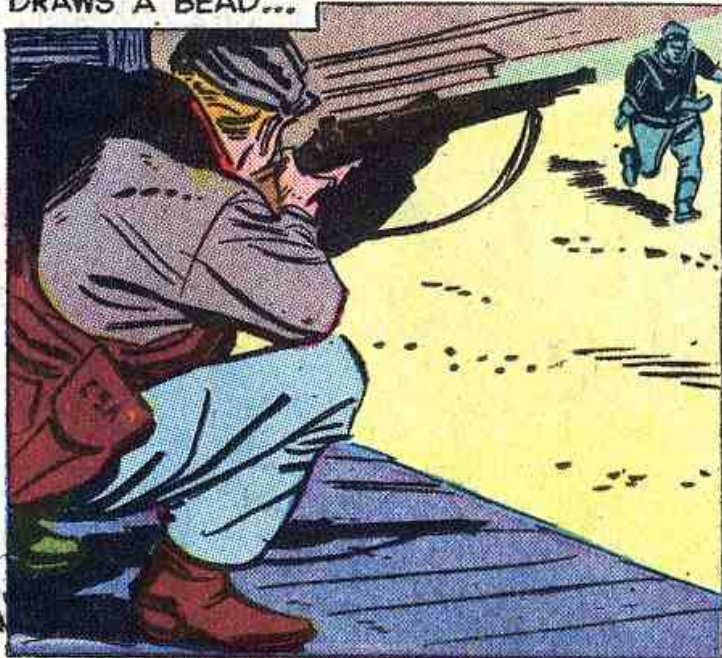
GOOD! MAJOR GRAY HAS A BUNCH PINNED DOWN BEHIND THAT WAREHOUSE! INFORM SECORD!



YES, COLONEL! I'LL TELL HIM!

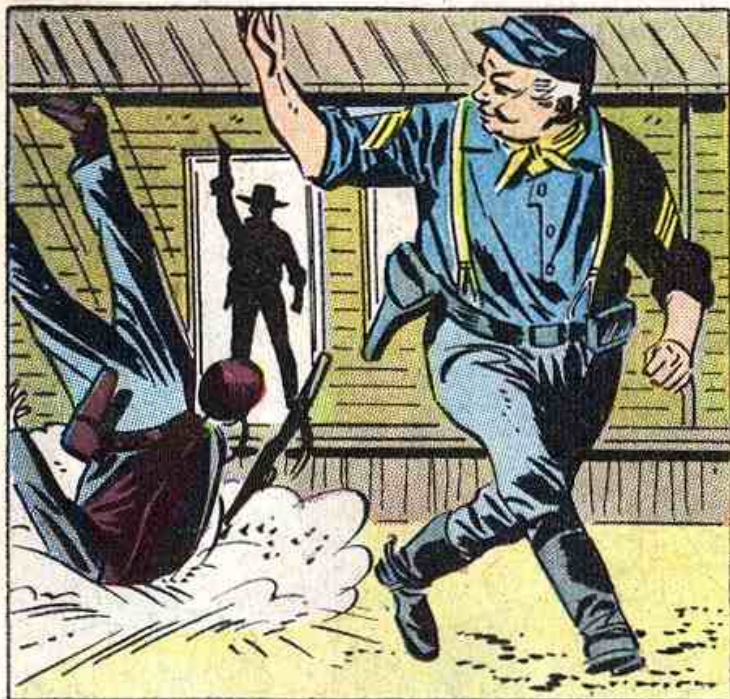


UNSEEN BY SGT. KIRBY, A CONFEDERATE SNIPER DRAWS A BEAD...



BUT THEN...

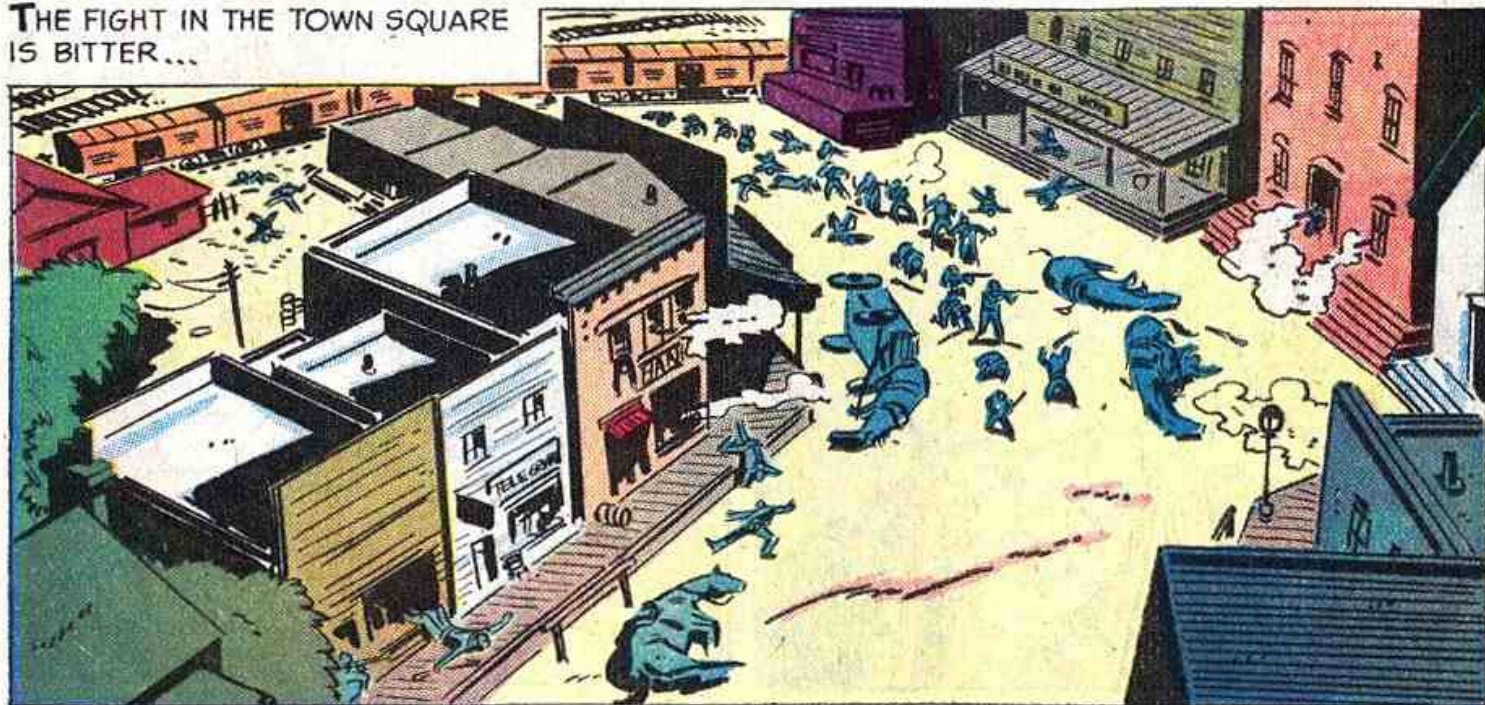




ACROSS THE SQUARE, BY THE RAILROAD STATION, SECORD'S TROOPERS BEGIN FILTERING BETWEEN THE CARS.

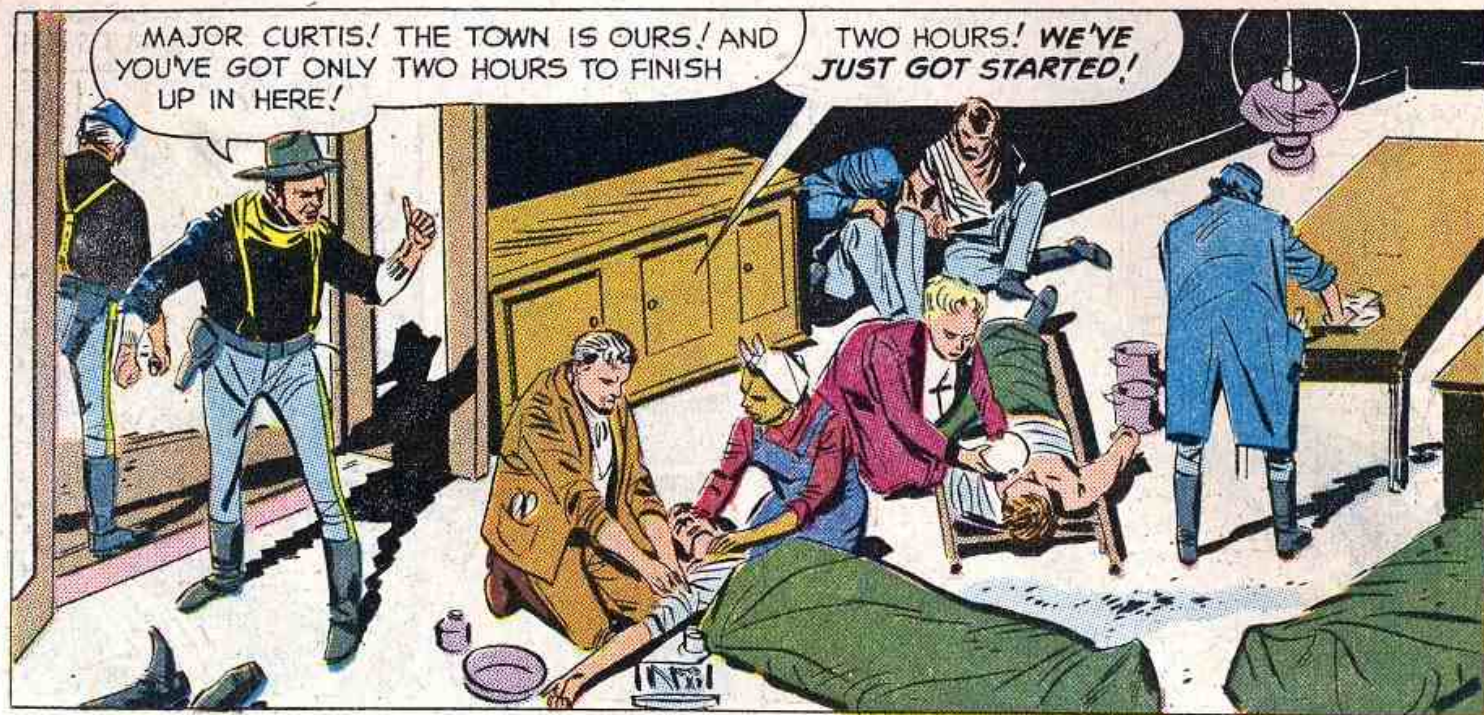


THE FIGHT IN THE TOWN SQUARE IS BITTER...



BUT THE BLUE UNIFORMS OUTNUMBER THE GRAY, LITTLE BY LITTLE THEY GAIN CONTROL.







NO...I'M NOT SCARED NOW! I'M—
ALL RIGHT! JUST KEEP HOLDING
ME, SIR! AND WRITE... WRITE
TO MY MA... AND I'LL BE IN
YOUR DEBT...
FOREV—!

I'LL
WRITE
HER, SON!



AREN'T YOU **PROUD**,
COLONEL MARLOWE?

YES! I'M PROUD OF
THIS BOY! VERY PROUD!



OH! OOO—
OOOOH!

MAJOR CURTIS IS
HAVING HIMSELF A
FIELD DAY! TRYING—
BY HOOK OR BY CROOK—
TO UPHOLD THE REPUTATION
OF HIS SO-CALLED
PROFESSION!

**COLONEL
MARLOWE!**
HE'S
SAVING
MEN'S
LIMBS
AND
LIVES!



YOU HATE DOCTORS,
COLONEL MARLOWE?
WHY?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL
TELL YOU WHY!



I HELD MY WIFE DOWN WHILE **TWO** OF
THEM, WITH THEIR FANCY WORDS AND
SHINY INSTRUMENTS TRIED TO FIND OUT
WHERE THAT **TUMOR** WAS! AND THEY
FOUND **NOTHING!** THEY HAD THEIR LITTLE
EXPERIMENT—AND I LOST MY WIFE!



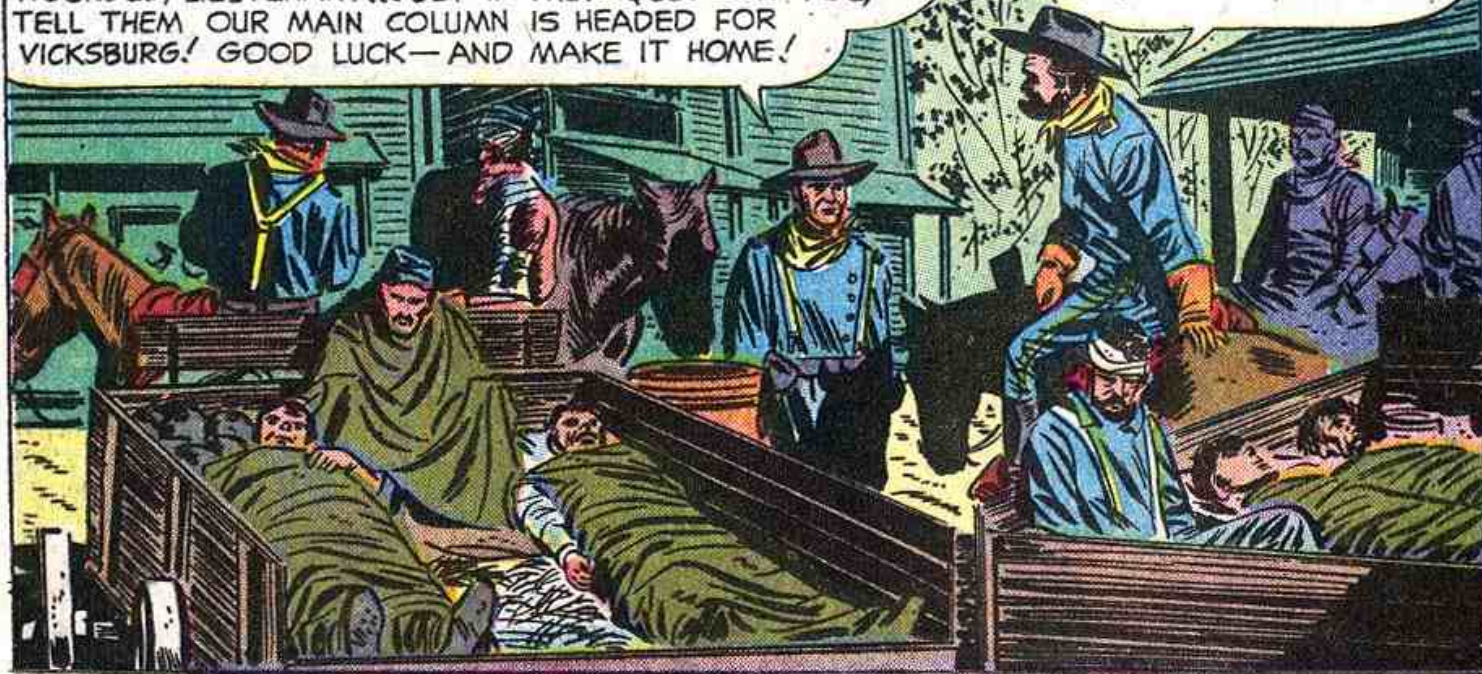
SORRY! QUITE A SPEECH I MADE!
BUT NOW YOU KNOW!

WITHIN THE TWO HOUR LIMIT, THE UNION TROOPERS WORK FURIOUSLY—TEARING UP THE RAILS OF THE TRACK—BENDING THEM, RED-HOT, TO PREVENT THEIR BEING USED AGAIN! OTHER DETAILS SET CHARGES OF EXPLOSIVES, DESTROY TELEGRAPH LINES, PREPARE TO FIRE FREIGHT CARS AND WAREHOUSES...THE GRIM WASTE OF WAR!



I DON'T THINK THE REBS WILL BOTHER YOUR CONVOY OF WOUNDED, LIEUTENANT... BUT IF THEY QUESTION YOU, TELL THEM OUR MAIN COLUMN IS HEADED FOR VICKSBURG! GOOD LUCK—AND MAKE IT HOME!

YES SIR! AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU, COLONEL!



AS THE UNION COLUMN MOVES OUT...

YES, THAT'S WHAT WE CAME FOR! WHAT WE MAY YET DIE FOR, RICHARD!

THE LOCOMOTIVES AND THE WAREHOUSES WILL BLOW ANY MINUTE NOW, COLONEL!



"WREATHS OF VICTORY!" THE GRAND FINALE, COLONEL!

FINALE? THE TRAGEDY IS NOT YET OVER, BY A LONG SHOT, MR. SHAKESPEARE!



I DON'T THINK ANY OF THIS IS EASY FOR COLONEL MARLOWE!

OH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE WAITING TO SEE HIM HANGING FROM A TREE, MISS HUNTER!



YOU HAVE A WIFE AND A LITTLE GIRL AT HOME, DOCTOR CURTIS! THAT FACT IS A BETTER COMPANION THAN THE **MEMORY** COLONEL MARLOWE HAS TO CARRY WITH HIM!



SOME ROADS MUST BE USED BY MARLOWE'S FLYING COLUMN—SOME LITTLE VILLAGES PASSED THROUGH! AND ON SUNDAY...

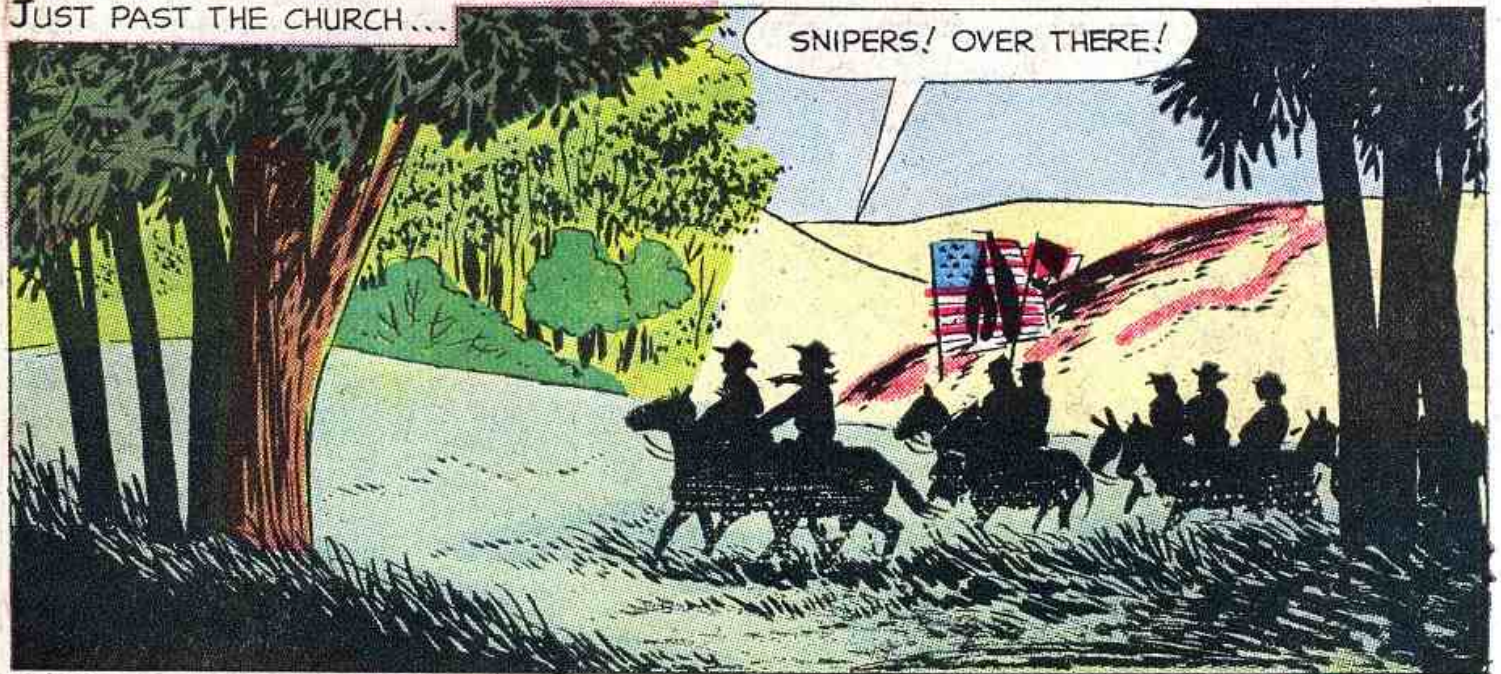




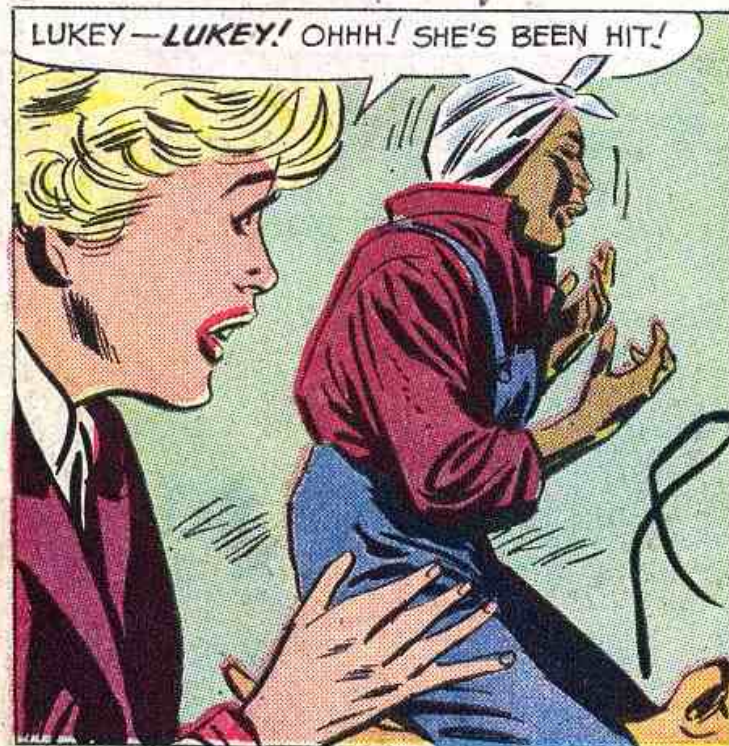
AT THE TROT—HO!

WE ALL WILL WAIT FOR HIM, COLONEL!
WE'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME!

JUST PAST THE CHURCH...



SNIPERS! OVER THERE!



LUKEY—LUKEY! OHHH! SHE'S BEEN HIT!



I'LL HOLD HER! YOU LEAD HER
MULE OFF THE
ROAD—QUICK!

YES,
YES!



WHUT...WHUT FOR THEY
SHOOT AT ME—MISSY?
WHUT FOR?

SSSSSH, DARLING! DON'T TALK!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT (SOB)—



LUKEY—? (SOB!)



NO... NO...
NO...!



MISS HUNTER... I— ALL
OF US ARE— SO SORRY!

DON'T! LUKEY ISN'T ASKING
FOR THAT, COLONEL MARLOWE!

ROLL, JORDAN, ♪
♪ ROLL...! ♪

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

WE'LL BIVOUAC IN
THESE WOODS, SECORD!



BY THE RIGHT
FLANK—
HO!



UNSEEN, AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, A
SOLDIER AND HIS GIRL—!

YANKEE CAVALRY— HERE?
WHAT—WHAT WILL THEY
DO, JODY?

BE QUIET TILL
THEY'VE PASSED!



BUT, JODY, WHAT CAN
YOUR BATTERY'S TWO
CANNONS DO—ALONE?

THAT'S NOT FOR
US—UNS TO SAY,
DAISY MAY! WE
JUST GOT TO
WARN THE LIEUTENANT!



...AND THE BATTERY'S LIEUTENANT PASSES
THE WARNING ALONG!

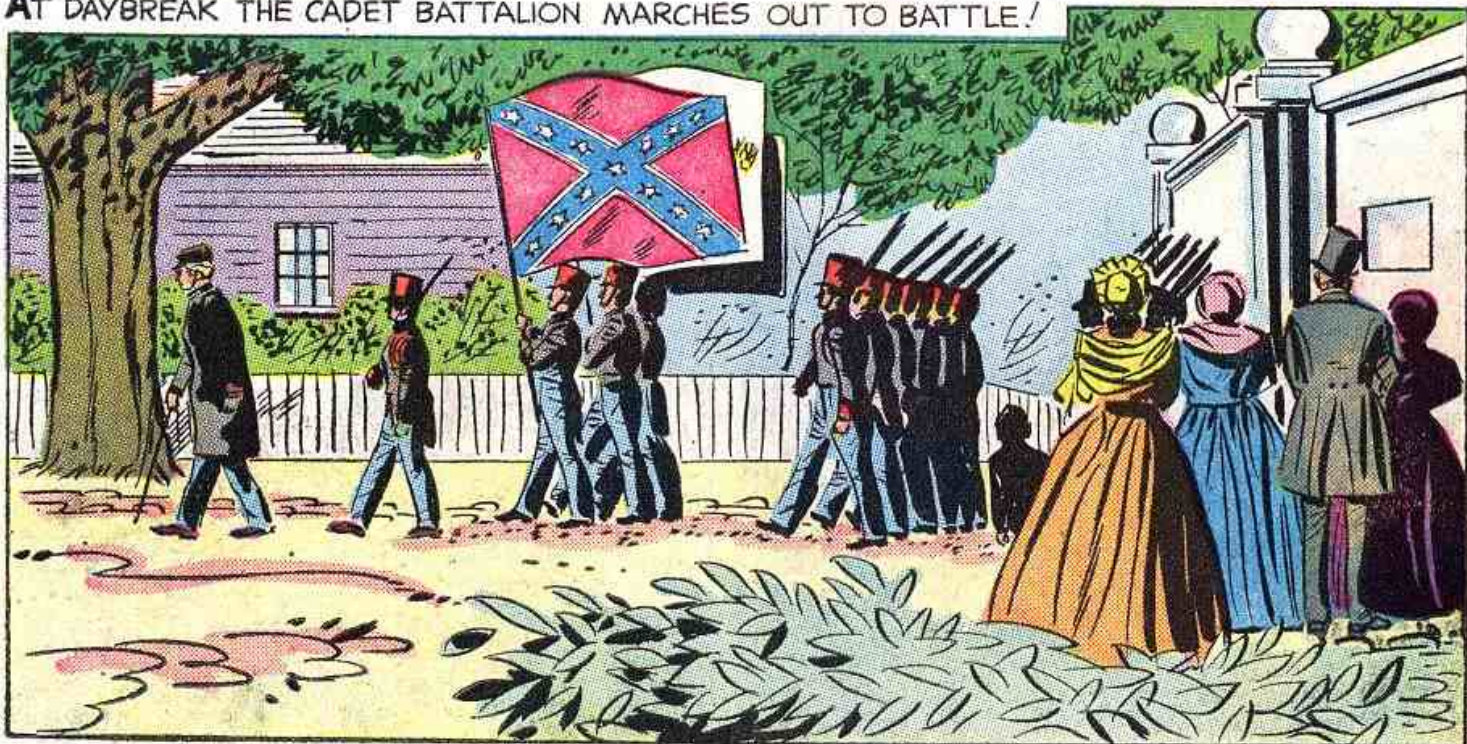
THEY'RE JUST
YOUNGSTERS BUT THEY HAVE
ARMS...AND THIS IS WAR!



IN THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE...



AT DAYBREAK THE CADET BATTALION MARCHES OUT TO BATTLE!



HALF AN HOUR LATER
SHRAPNEL SHELLS BEGIN
BURSTING OVER THE
BIVOQUACKED COLUMN!

CATCH THOSE HORSES!
SADDLE UP!



THEY'VE GOT A FIELD BATTERY
OVER THERE! FOLLOW ME!



MARLOWE, LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP
OUT OF THE GULLY, ACROSS
THAT FIELD!

EH?



CHILDREN! **ALL**
OF THEM, SECORD!

YES, CHILDREN!
BUT THEY'RE USING
MAN-SIZE **BULLETS!**





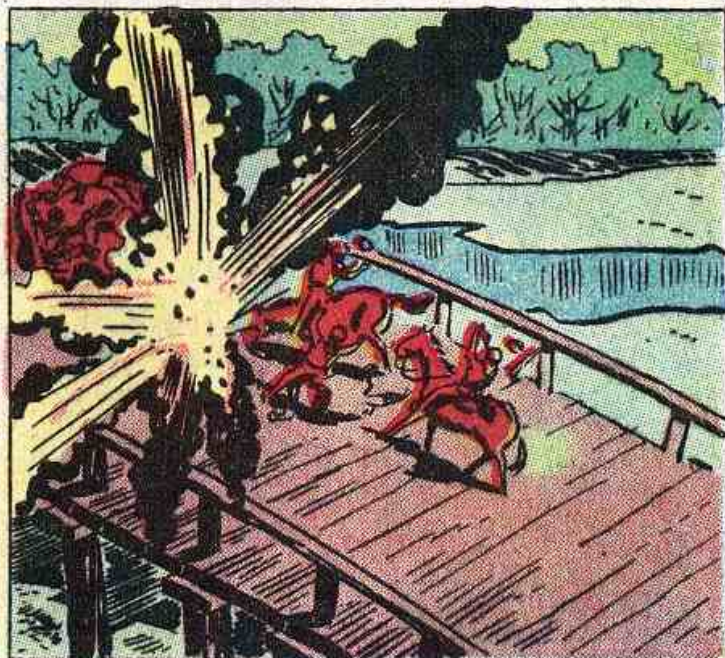
THAT NIGHT IN THE BIG SWAMP THEY FIGHT
EXHAUSTION...



HALFWAY ACROSS— AND THE SCOUTING DETAIL SEES NO SIGN OF ENEMIES...



THEN—IT IS HIT BY HEAVY FIRE FROM AMBUSH!



A LONE SURVIVOR RACES BACK TO THE COLUMN!



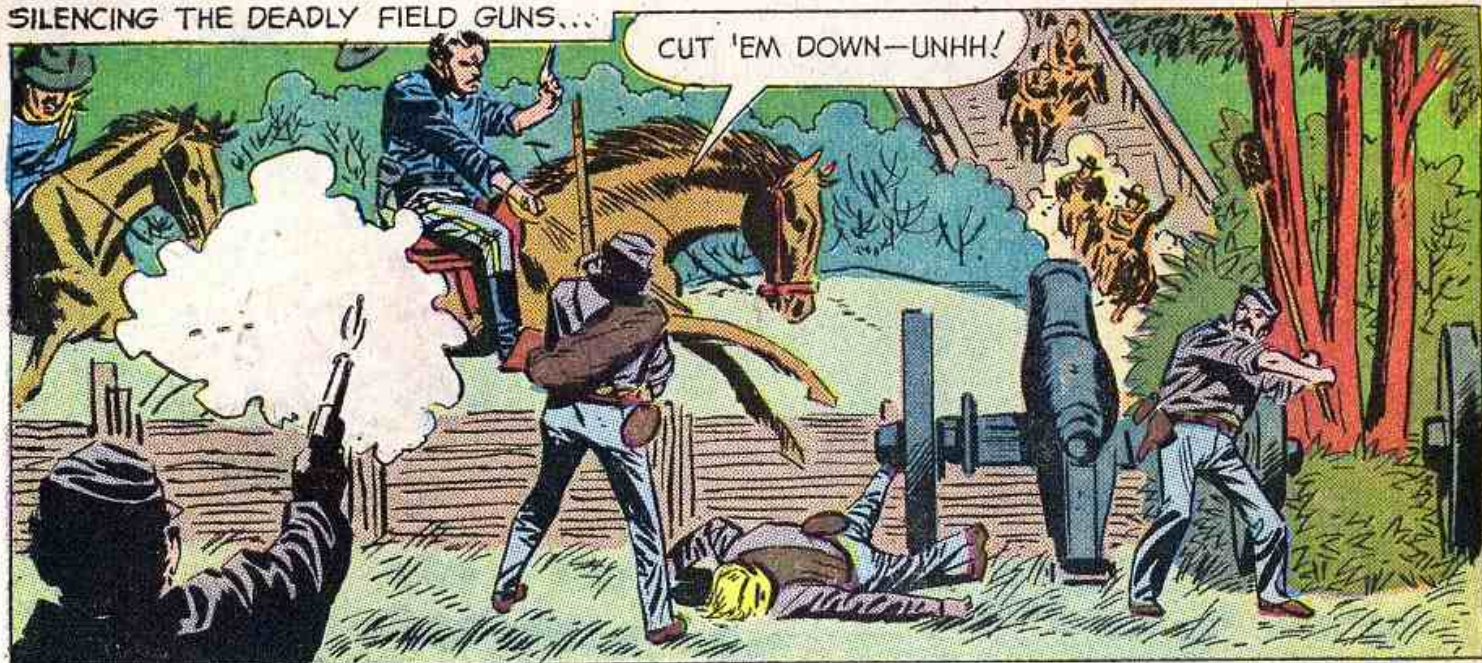
THE TWO FLANKING DETACHMENTS MAKE THE CROSSING WITH LITTLE OR NO RESISTANCE— AS SHRAPNEL BURSTS TELL THEM...



... OF MARLOWE, ATTACKING THE BRIDGE!



MAJOR GRAY'S DETACHMENT REACHES THE BATTERY FIRST—SURPRISING IT FROM BEHIND, SILENCING THE DEADLY FIELD GUNS...



... WHILE WOODWARD'S TROOPERS SCATTER THE GRAY RIFLEMEN IN THE BRUSH! THE BRIDGE IS WON—AT A COST.



AND AFTERWARDS...



GOOD-BYE, NOW! AND, HANNAH HUNTER, I WON'T BE CAUSING YOU ANY MORE GRIEF, THANK GOD! PERHAPS IF—I MEAN, AFTER THIS DREADFUL WAR IS OVER...

YOU'LL BE WELCOME AT GREEN-BRIAR, COLONEL MARLOWE! VERY WELCOME, INDEED!



The END

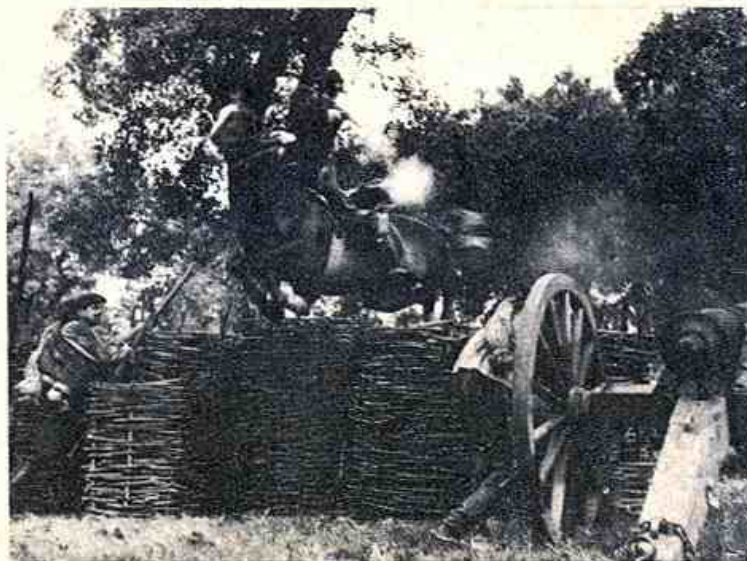
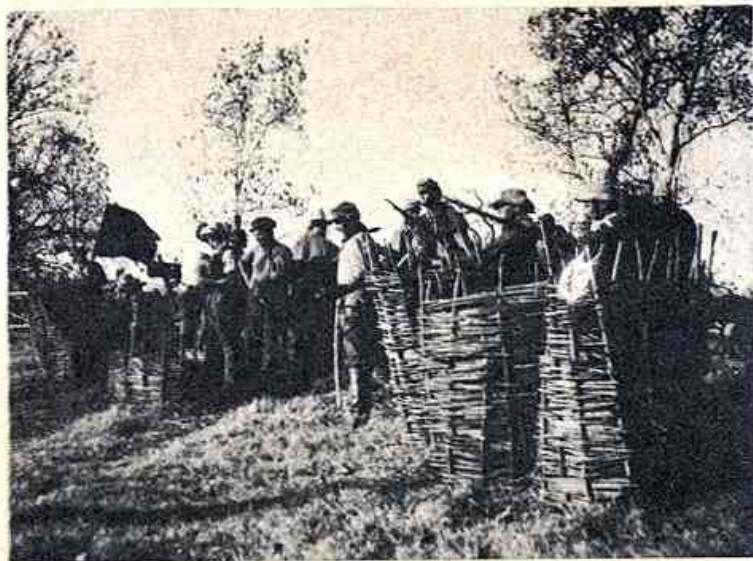
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THE CONFEDERATE FOXHOLE

During the Civil War, Rebel troops in Louisiana and Mississippi made frequent use of the gabion. It was a type of man-sized basket that could be woven in a hurry from brush or tree branches. When filled with dirt it offered formidable protection from enemy shot and shrapnel; a forerunner of World War II's famous foxhole.

Hundreds of these gabions were specially constructed for "The Horse Soldiers". After filming was completed, several museums in Louisiana and Mississippi requested them, and they may now be seen on permanent display.



THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

One of the most dramatic scenes in "The Horse Soldiers" takes place when the courageous young cadets of Jefferson Military College at Natchez, march out to fight Marlowe's Yankee troopers. Most of these young men are descendants of former Confederate soldiers. A fair indication of their spirited attitude was shown when they were instructed to charge the Union cavalry column. They put on a show of enthusiasm which would have warmed the cockles of their ancestors' hearts. The quality of their rebel yell was so convincing that it spooked the cavalrymen's horses into a gallop. Even then, the gray-clad cadets were so wound up that they managed to follow close on the heels of the fleeing Union horses.

